

## The second part,

## To the same tune?

Yet now behold our daughter deare,  
 he had as I doe know,  
 which li'd in his displeasure great,  
 for matching gainst his mind:  
 Although she liv'd in means estate,  
 she was a vertuous wife,  
 And so to helpe her father deare,  
 she ventured thus her life.

She quickly to her sisters ran,  
 and bid of them intreat,  
 That by some secret meanes they would  
 commaund their Father meat.  
 Our father deare doth starve, she said,  
 the Emperours wrath is such,  
 he dies alas for want of food,  
 whereof we have too much.

What sisters therefore doe some meanes,  
 his life for to preserve,  
 And suffer not our father deare,  
 in prison for to starve:  
 Alas quoth they, what shall we doe,  
 his hunger to sustaine:  
 You know the death to any one,  
 that would his life maintaine.

And though we with him well, quoth they  
 we never will agree,  
 To spoile our selves, we have as little  
 that he should see, as we.  
 And sister, if you love your selfe,  
 let this attempt alone,  
 Though you doe here so secret worke,  
 at length it will be knowne.

O hath our Father brought us by,  
 and nourisht us, quoth she,  
 And shall we now forsake him quite,  
 in his extremity:  
 No, I will venture life and limb,  
 to doe my father good,  
 The worst that I can but doe,  
 to sit a tyrants mood.

With that away she hies in haste,  
 and to the kyle she goes,  
 But with her too full father deare,  
 she might not speake God knows,  
 Except the Emperour would grant  
 his favour in that case:  
 The Emperour would admit no light  
 to enter in that place.

When she unto the Emperour hies,  
 and falling on her knees,

With weeping hands and bitter teares,  
 these wordes pronounced she:  
 O hopelesse Father, grations Lord,  
 offending of your Grace,  
 Is now a unto a pining death,  
 within a weofull place:

Which I confesse he hath deseru'd,  
 yet mighte Prince, quoth she,  
 Toucht in gracious sort, to grant  
 one simple boone to me:  
 It chanced so, I matcht my selfe,  
 against my fathers mind,  
 Whereby I did procure his wrath,  
 as fortune false assignd.

And seeing now the time is come,  
 he must resigne his breath,  
 Toucht that I thus speake with him,  
 before his houre of death:  
 And reconcile my selfe to him,  
 his favour to attaine,  
 That when he dies I may not then  
 under his curse remaine.

The Emperour granted her request,  
 conditionally that she,  
 Each time she to her father came,  
 should throughly searched be.  
 No bread no meat with her she brought  
 to helpe him there distressed,  
 But every day she nourisht him,  
 with her most tender brest.

Thus by her milke he was preserv'd,  
 a twelue month and a day,  
 And was most faire and fat to see,  
 yet no man knew to which way.  
 The Emperour musing much thereat,  
 at length did understand,  
 How he was fed, and yet his late  
 not broke at any hand.

And much admiring at the same,  
 and her great vertue knowing,  
 Her pardon'd him, and honor'd her,  
 with great p'sentments knowing.  
 Her Father ever after that,  
 did love her as his life,  
 And blest the time that she was made  
 a loving mothers wife.

F I N I S.

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